

## **EAST-SIDE CHILDREN PLAYING**

*Bodenheim, Maxwell, 1892-1954*

This lame boy with eyes like rain-washed berries,  
Stares at an orange on a push-cart,  
And seems a dwarf-tree slightly leaning toward the sun.  
Behind him, a chubby girl buried in soiled pink clothes,  
Swings her candy stick as though it were a scepter  
And the doorstep on which she sits an ancient throne.  
Above her, two boys with faces  
Like clumsily painted cherubs,  
Calmly slap each other's cheeks, and joyously weep.  
Then, a twisted washed out old man  
Drags himself past, and the children smile at him.